
Title: THE KING'S JOURNAL

Author:

JOURNAL OF THE KING
OF THE WHITE DRAGON

On the Twelfth Day
before the Solstice
Festival: Shamino, traitor,
I will destroy thee as
thou didst destroy my
beloved daughter, Beatrix.
Shamino, cursed be thy
name, I befriended thee
and thou didst betray me.
I asked my people to help
thee erect thy castle and
betrayal is thine only
response to them.
Traitor!

On the Eleventh Day
before the Solstice
Festival: Despair hath
been the daily lot of my
poor Beatrix. Now, I
myself have my share of
worries. I am surrounded
by traitors and goblins
are closing in on the
castle. Shamino, doomed
be thy name, I, King of
the White Dragon, want
to hang, draw and
quarter thee. My poor
Beatrix was so joyful
when thou didst request
her hand from me. I
agreed happily to such a
union. My beloved
daughter left me in order
to live in thy new castle.

By that time thou hadst
already been touched by
the obsession to foil
Mondain from his
conquest of the world.
Thou didst leave on thy
journey to seek the
advice of Lord British,

from hence never to
return. The long-awaited
wedding was never to be.
My lovely child, my
Beatrix, remained unwed
waiting for her love to
return. She loved thee
and had faith in thee,
Shamino, cursed be thine
offspring.

On the Tenth Day before
the Solstice Festival:
Those goblins, I see those
malformed goblins coming
for us. They are
destroying our wealth and
our lives as Shamino,
cursed be his name and
his lineage, destroyed my
Beatrix's health and life.
She died forlorn. Thy
treacherous heart led
Beatrix to a lonely grave.
On the Ninth Day before
the Solstice Festival: The
Kingdom is plagued by
hordes of goblins that
grow more fierce and
daring with each passing
season. I am surrounded
by traitors and should
not trust anyone. What
to do? Beatrix, thine
adorable light no longer
shines upon me. How
solitary thou must be in
thy cold bed. This year I
will hold the grandest
Solstice Festival ever.
Thou wilt love it. 'Tis
especially dedicated to
thee, my right well
beloved.

On the Eighth Day before
the Solstice Festival:
Those magic-warped
goblins are everywhere
and they are persistent.
They must be led by that
villainous Shamino. A man
who doth not keep his
word is less than a man.
How couldst thou trust
him, Beatrix.
On the Seventh Day
before the Solstice

Festival: Shamino the
deceitful and his allies
are waiting in the dark
passages of this castle
to ambush me. I know it.
I saw them in my dream
last night. They will not
succeed. They cannot
succeed for I have a plan
to save my people from
traitors and ravaging
goblins. Beatrix, I will let
thee know about this idea
of mine, thou wilt be
delighted...

On the Sixth Day before
the Solstice Festival: My
dearest beloved one, how
thou must long for
company in thy misery.
This bacchanal will bring
thee all of thy friends
and our people. That
villainous Shamino will
have the fate he doth
deserve.

On the Third Day before
the Solstice Festival: I
am looking forward to
seeing thy Solstice
Festival, yes, this season
is thy Festival. I planned
it for thee. And, indeed,
for all of us. Traitors
and deceivers alike are in
for a surprise. All of my
subjects and myself --
we will not leave anything
for the goblins to take.

Two days hence....
On the Eve of the
Solstice Festival: All is
prepared for my greatest
bacchanal ever.

On the morning of the
Solstice Festival: Beatrix,
soon we will be reunited
and part never again. This
Solstice Festival will be
recorded in the annals of
the Kingdom of The
White Dragon. It is to be
the greatest feast ever!
Let us all rejoice in one

night of revelry! After
the midnight revels and
before the end of the
night, a new dawn will
rise...